

AGED NOVELIST WEDS A CHILD ACTRESS.

LOVE'S ODD

Maurus Jokai, the "Dickens of Hungary," Finds at Last the Woman He
Fancy Painted Years Ago as the Heroine
of His Most Famous Novel.



PRETTY MICHAL

A Romance

BY

MAURUS JÓKAI

AUTHOR OF

"BLACK DIAMONDS," "THE GREEN BOOK,"
"MIDST THE WILD CARPATHIANS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Wherein is shown how great a force the will of a woman is,
and how quickly it can alter the order of things which man
devises.

HIS
GREATEST NOVEL

JOKAI
THE GREAT
NOVELIST



How the Aged Hungarian Novelist, Jokai, Met His Ideal Love for the First Time

DR. MAURUS JOKAI, the aged Hungarian Dickens, has found his "Pretty Michal." He began his search for her twenty years ago, two years before she was born. They were married at Budapest, September 14.

The old scholar has taken Arabella Grossnag, the pretty actress, into his heart and home, and given to her the honored title, wife. He is seventy-five years old and she eighteen.

From the mountain-walled city of Budapest comes the story that love has built a golden bridge over the gulf of the fifty-seven years that lie between them.

Dr. Jokai is the literary idol of Hungary. Arabella Grossnag is its favorite young comedienne. Romantic Hungary is rejoicing at the union of these, its idols. Hungary cares nothing about the wooing of May by December. It sees only that two artist souls have been united, and it is glad.

"When will you wed again?" some one asked the great dramatist, when the years had left of Rosa Laboifalvy Jokai, the Hungarian Rachel, only a memory.

"When?" said the great Hungarian, sadly. "When I find my 'Pretty Michal.'"

"Pretty Michal" is not the greatest of Dr. Jokai's novels, but it is the most captivating. "Pretty Michal" is the heroine. She has been the author's ideal woman ever since he created and built about her a romance of love and adventure. Ever since that creation, he has been looking for a real "Pretty Michal" and he never found her until he saw Arabella Grossnag at the Royal National Theatre.

"Pretty Michal," he said, delightedly, as

he was presented. "Pretty Michal!" he said, when she consented to be his wife. "Pretty Michal!" he calls her, now that she shares the quaint, beautiful home where he has written his books and plays for fifty years.

Maurus Jokai was born Jokay. The "s" was the brand of nobility. Young Jokai bore it for fifteen years.

Then, fired with the spirit of Socialism, he erased it and wrote "i" instead. "i" as a name termination, is significant of the middle class, or the peasantry, and it is with those classes he has identified himself for sixty busy, fruitful years. He is the Count Tolstoy of Hungary.

He was an ardent student at the University of Papa. There began his lifelong friendship for the poet, Petöfi. He fought side by side with Kossuth for civil and religious liberty. War over and Kossuth in exile, young Jokai fought with a pen that was as sharp as his sword. There was a price upon his head, but he continued to write pungent, incisive articles on social reform. When Austria granted pardon to all "misguided patriots" he was one of the last to take advantage of it, and he wept when he looked again upon devastated Hungary.

Liszt was his friend. Liszt's compositions were the inspiration of some of the best passages in his books. And many a chapter of his formed a theme for Liszt. Munkacsy was an intimate of his. So were Hungary's four great names, Liszt, Munkacsy, Kossuth and Jokai, joined by friendship.

In 1896 Hungary celebrated his literary

jubilee. Fifty years of labor at his desk brought him the recognition of a national hero. The Government issued a jubilee edition of his works, and there were subscriptions from all grades of society \$100,000 for these works. Every county in the country sent him its memorial album wrought in gold and precious stones. In his library are 200 of these souvenirs. Artists sent him paintings, peasants sent him embroidery and lace and carvings and natural history specimens; from kings and queens were orders in gold and silver, studded with jewels, with royal autograph letters. In fifty years he had produced 350 novels and plays. "The Modern Midas,"

"The Hungarian Nabob" and "Black Diamonds" are among the greatest. "Eyes Like the Sea" is an autobiography. The heroine is his wife, Rosa Laboifalvy, the greatest of Hungarian tragediennes. In it he tells the true story of how, being made prisoner by the Russians at the capitulation of Village, he was saved from suicide by his bride. She had come disguised as a peasant from Pesth. She had pawned her jewels and hidden the money in the coils of her thick black hair. Together, in disguise, they made their way on foot through the Russian army and hid in the wood of Bukh until danger was past. A life-size portrait of Rosa Laboifalvy,

the wife of his youth, framed in gold, hangs in his library. They were married in 1848. Death separated them a few years later. "Pretty Michal" was written twenty years ago. Here is his description of her as she knelt at church:

"She wore a coffee brown frock, with a collar reaching to the chin and sleeves which hid the very tips of her fingers. The other girls prided themselves on the taste with which they adorned their girdles. Pretty Michal's girle could not boast of so much as a silver buckle. Her parts, as the headress of the Hungarian maidens is called, was quite black, and over it was thrown a veil which completely covered her face in front and hung down so far over her shoulders behind that it was absolutely impossible to make out whether her twirl, long, pendent pigails were blond or chestnut brown. Her eyes, too, were not permitted to declare whether they were black or blue. During service they were well hidden behind their long lashes, for she

think before they speak and their hearts say one thing and their tongues another." And, when he makes "Pretty Michal" die as dramatically, as sadly as did "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," he writes: "A flash, a whiz, and human justice was satisfied. But there, above, the angels were awaiting their sister, and asked her which was the better of the two, death, or what they call life on earth?"

And his "Julia" is brief. "Often times her father would cast her horoscope and compare its various aspects, but he always arrived at precisely the same conclusion, that his daughter, Michal, was now leading a most blissful life in some far-distant land, the very name of which was unknown to him."

"And perhaps it really was so!" Poor, pretty, loving Michal! The victim of a learned but not wise father's short-sightedness, of a lover's rashness and of untoward circumstances! The author's heart warmed toward this child of his

but most of all to Dr. Jokai.

He leaned forward and clasped his big hand and shouted "Brava!" Sometimes his trembled, and he whispered to him "Pretty Michal! Pretty Michal!"

The old officer presented him after play. The author took the girl's hand and answered "Pretty Michal!" crimsoned with happiness. Every aged Hungarian knows and loves "Pretty Michal!"

Dr. Jokai was often seen in a box at Royal National Theatre after that. Us he sent flowers to the bright young comedienne. Often he drove her mother herself home. He fell into the habit calling often at the Grossnag home.

The comedienne was a fine maid. She played the weird, pulsing airs of a gary in a way to stir the blood and the heart young again.

One day the author begged her to "Pretty Michal" in truth. She knew and has kept her promise, as the we on September 14 attested.

ADA PATTERS

Pope Leo's First Bust In Marble.

LONG before the microscope was on the market, and before Pope Leo XIII. thought he would be perpetuated in moving figures, he permitted himself to be moulded in clay, and from the clay graven into marble. That was ten years ago when, in the Vatican, he sat for Sculptor Brancusi, of Rome.

The genius who carved the face of the Pontiff is now in New York City. He tells with pride of his creation of the bust.

"I required seven sittings of the Pope," said he, "and consumed an entire month before the face suited His Holiness. I always came to the Vatican in the afternoon, and after adjusting my implements and arranging the light to suit the conditions of the weather, I prepared the great chair for his comfort. He generally came attended, and, taking his seat, assumed an attitude of ease and comfort, just as he has been pictured in paintings often before.

A NEW GOSPEL OF JOY TEACHES THAT ALL PLEASURE IS GOOD. Big Earrings to Be Worn Again

BE joyful and you will live long. Get guides of conduct have felt called upon to all the fun out of life that you can, solemnly warn humanity against pleasure. Seek pleasure and find it, and indulge in the pleasures that you crave. This, in brief, is the gospel of joy and happiness and long life put forth by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of the University of Buffalo, in his new book, "The Gospel According to Darwin."

"Joy is the sunshine of the soul," says Dr. Hutchinson, "and like all other sunshine it is both a chief cause of growth and a most powerful antiseptic, a staunch friend of life and a deadly enemy of fungi, miasms and decay generally."

He points out that men from time to time have pretended to hide themselves from pleasure in caves and dark places of the earth, as if it were a pestilence. "Most creeds and systems of morality or other

has joy as a motive. Pain may be the primary cause of the first performance of most of our vital functions, but their continuation and harmonious repetition is chiefly determined by pleasure. Joy is Nature's stamp of approval.

Duty, if determined by rational and wholesome ideals, finally becomes a pleasure, and healthful courses of action, originally involving much effort from repulsion, become in the end pleasurable when formed into good habits. Most things which we like to do (all which we like by instinct) are beneficial to us.

The mere fact that we take pleasure in a thing is good presumptive evidence of its value. Long continued submission to bodily pain from physical inability to escape or failure to relieve, undermines strength, destroys appetite, deranges the nervous system, and so far from purifying and elevating the moral sense, is much more apt to blunt or distort it, to ruin the temper and destroy self-control.

Let it once be admitted that joy is

righteous in itself, and legitimate as an

aim and a long step has been taken toward making righteousness joyful and duty a pleasure. The position of Puritanism has been utterly condemned not merely by modern science, but by the common sense and healthy instincts of humanity in all ages. It is not merely erroneous but profoundly immoral, and with the very best of intentions has cast a deep gloom over and brought well nigh as much suffering upon the human race as any of the vices it was intended to check. From the denial of the happiness of joy have come the essential meritoriousness of self-denial and suffering, the righteousness of gloom, the piety of self-deprivation and torture, the sanctity of dirt, the holiness of ignorance and the whole dance of delirium and carnival of unreason. Yet a chorus of protests arises the moment it is suggested to officially recognize joy as an aim and pleasure as a guide in conduct. The great dread seems to be that an era of license, of self-indulgence will be there.

by established at once—but this fear is unfounded.

Any pursuit of joy carried to excess becomes a failure. Over-indulgence in sweetness blunts the tongue, disgusts the palate and ends in colic or biliousness. The penalties of excess are much greater than the pleasures of indulgence.

Pure idleness is a relief after hard work, bodily or mental, but is no pleasure at all except by contrast. In a few hours or days it becomes intolerable torture.

Pleasure is like several other things in this world—the surest way not to get it is to aim directly and deliberately at it. There is a wild delight in sowing "wild oats," but a painful laboriousness about the reaping of them. As a pleasure crop they are a ghastly failure.

The evanescent character of pleasure is its saving quality. Man is literally saved from pleasure by pleasures. The hardest work of the world is done from sheer love of it, and almost anything that a man can work at successfully he will enjoy.

while fashion's slaves are moaning protesting that they will not wear the barbarous things, they will undoubtedly quietly submit in the end.

The edict has gone forth that ear to be worn again, and the jewel are prepared for an immediate demand that articles of jewelry, which was regarded to oblige ten years ago.

One drawback to the revival is the blue out of every ten women will need to have their ears pierced again, and every woman has an acute remembrance of that painful ordeal in the past. When our mothers were young it was the custom to pierce the ears by putting a cork behind them, stretching the lobes of the ear tight over the cork and then minding with a needle, afterward drawing a silver thread and a gold ring, made especially for the purpose, through the hole.